

A GROOVY

#2

KINDA

LUV

A Zine to be
Delt with



A Groovy Kinda Luv - (a zine for all occasions)

Please write to us if you have art, articles, pictures, etc. etc.

John Morrow - photographer, writer, editor

317 Woodbluff

Lafayette, La.

70503

Dana Smith - artist, editor, writer - (sorta)

105 Aundria Dr.

Lafayette, La.

70503

Artwork

Dana Smith

Photos

John Morrow

Writers

Johathan Simon

John Morrow

Jon Jenkins

Margaret Morris

Julie Vinette



John-O

Editors

John Morrow

Dana Smith



Oooooo I jus luv
Dis mag Dude - I hope
jew will too - so read
up my friends
he he he he he ha
ha ha ha heeee



Daaaaaaa Naaa



Table o'Contents

1. Credits
2. Table o'Contents!
3. Review of Haunted Garage
firehose, and ~~the~~ Butthole Surfers Show.
- 4&5. Our Hero (Two pager)
6. Lil' Poem
- 7&8. Our Great Collage
9. John's story (Anal Interlude)
10. Our Hero (Dream Cartoon)
11. Uniforms & Until the Next One....
12. Record Reviews
13. Salvadoran Deserter Discloses
Green Beret Torture Role
- 14&15 A few pictures & stuff
16. Dead Things

Oh yea
We Love ya!



Haunted Garage, Firehose & Butthole Surfers
Feb. 3 at UCLA's Ackerman Hall
\$15.00

"Oh Big Daddy. I'm scared."

"Shut up cunt! It's just a joyride. Sit back and enjoy."

Using half of a rubber corpse (and other body parts), brains, intestines, blood, mucus, a rubber alien puppet and dancers in spandex shooting milk out of bloody, 12-inch, plastic dildos, while singing songs like "Brain In A Jar", "976-KILL", "Party In The Graveyard", "Little Green Man" and "Bitch Like You", Haunted Garage made me an instant fan. They have a mean, rough, trashy sound and a stage show that will give you nightmares for weeks. More fun than watching 10 year-old boys strip out of their wet bodysuits on Hermosa Beach. Don't miss these guys if they ever get out on tour.

"O.k. Bitch, You better be nice to the clients or it's back to the donkey shows."

Firehose was up next, but we decided to go outside and wipe the blood off. Firehose is a good band and they put on a high energy show. (Remember Jon?) Anyway, we got back in to catch their last song. The crowd was really packing in. Lots of Gibby look a likes. Except for the small amount of slamming, some people are just too damn PUNK ROCK, it was a diverse and interesting crowd.

"Oh Daddy DO ME LOVE, I wanna be Nasty."

The lights go off, the glitterball stops moving and the stage explodes with bright lights, screens fill with T-n-A shots of old Charlie's Angels episodes overlapped with films of venereal diseases and vivisection operations and the sound of "stallions." The Butthole Surfers played "Mexican Caravan", "Hey", "Departure", "Graveyard", "Moving to Florida", "Gary Floyd" and some more off of the "Hairway to Steven" lp. Since I haven't seen them for 5 years, I was totally blown away by their equipment and sound. Definitely a great show and experience for one and all, The only problem I had was with Goldenvoice not reimbursing tickets from the last show that ended in a mild riot.

Many thanks to Scott for the 5 year-old from Idaho and Chuck, who really knows how to treat a woman. Miss you guys at "A.G.K.L."

"L.B.J.
WAS A
SOVIET Jew"

"You just Ain't Freaky enough,"

M.M.

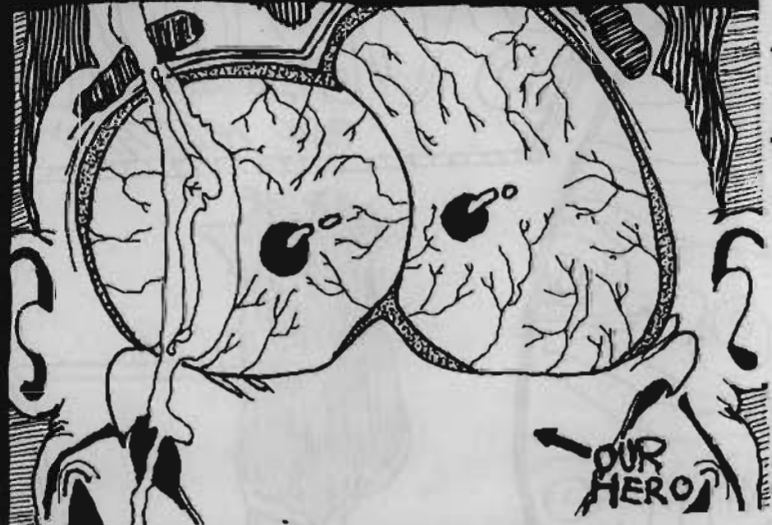
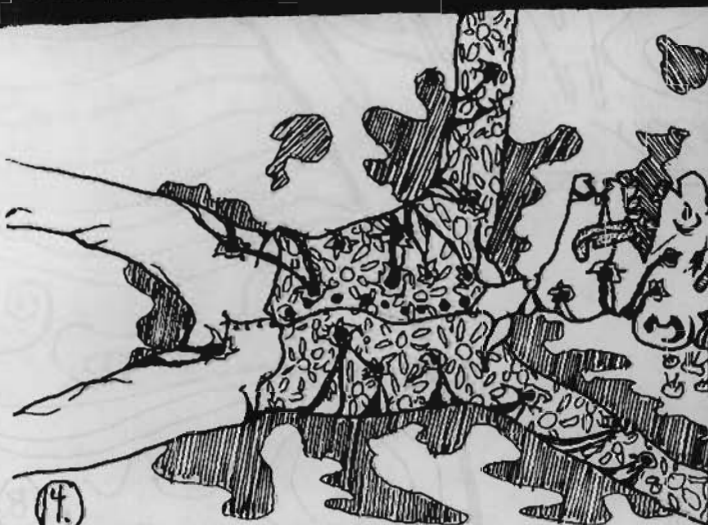


LAND-LORE

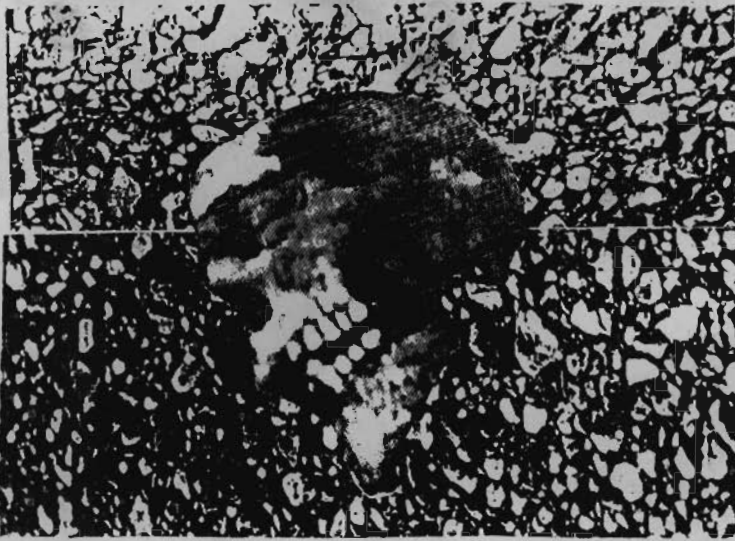
Knock
Knock

Damn it, knockin' on my Damn
Door—I am watchin' my Damn
Starsky and Hutch this
Had Better be
good!

What in the?
Hooly...



OUR
HERO



Time slips through my fingers
While lithe bodies flutter in the dark
Like moths to a light
And I am left wondering if they know
the darkness at all.

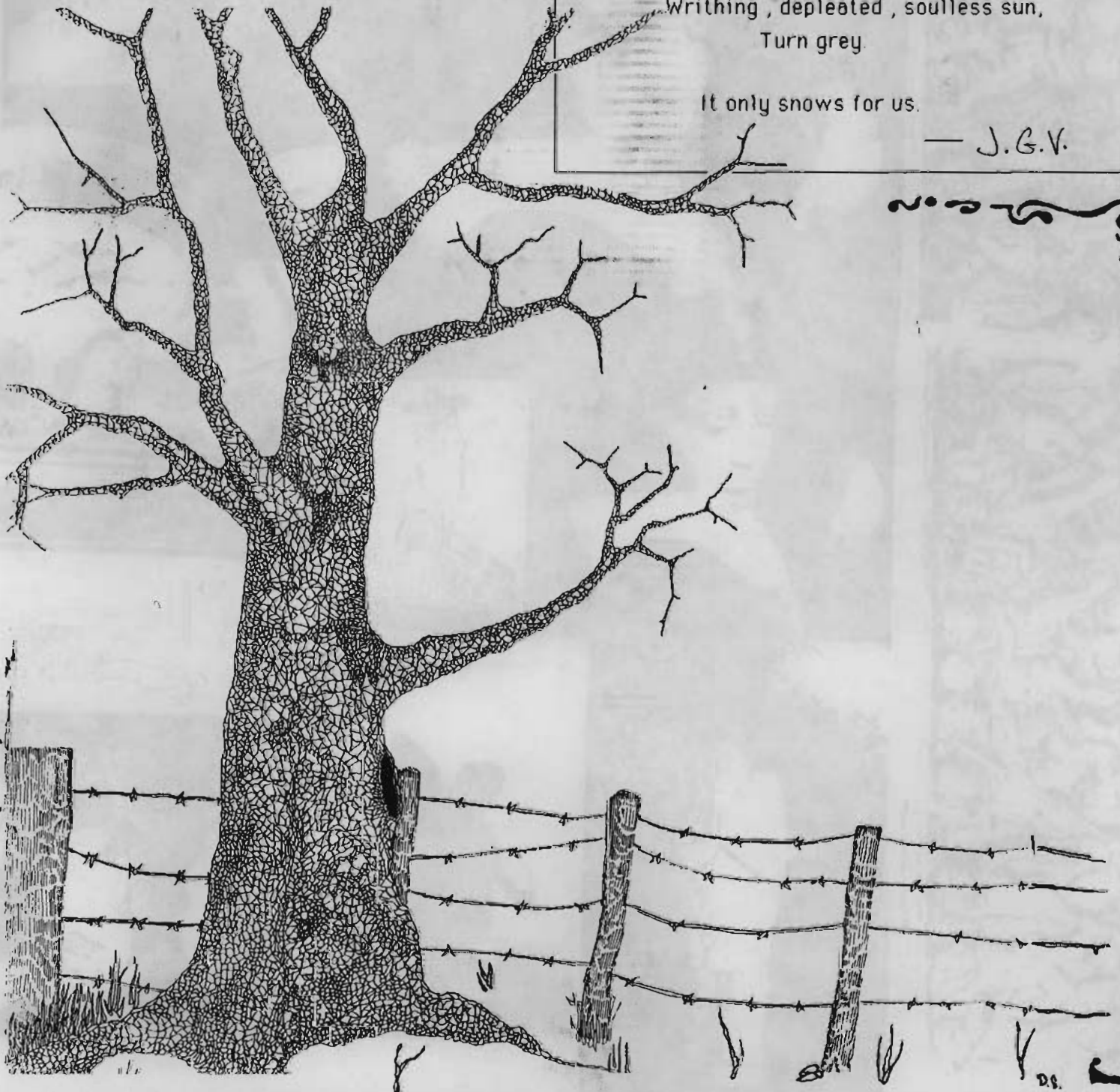
Ruby Red

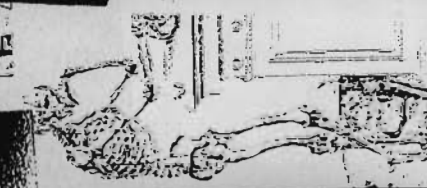
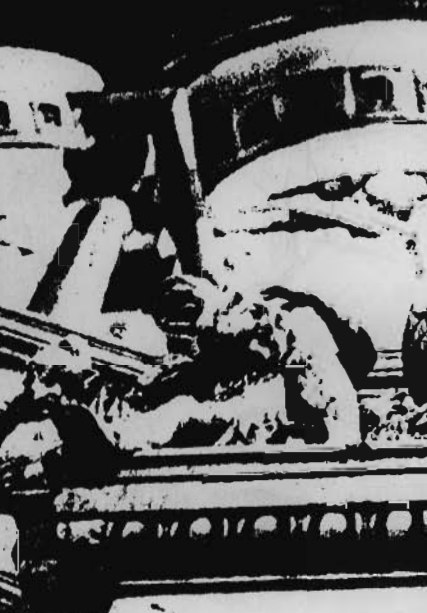
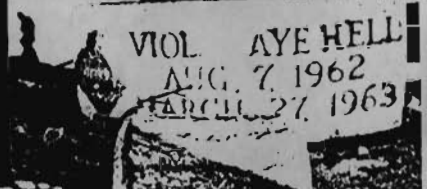
Constellations form within,
Without Imperfection
Aurora borealis painted in my eyes
Seek the casted shadow
While it still lingers before the dawn

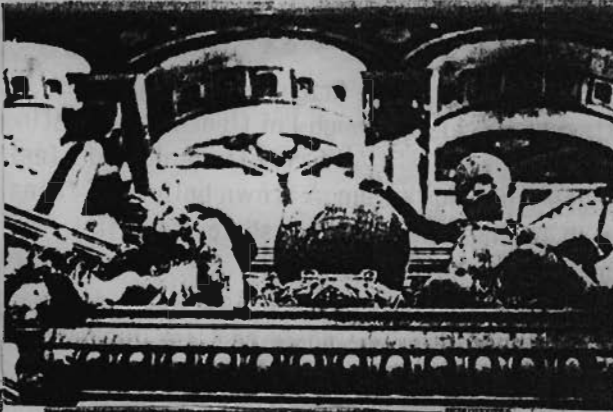
Writhing, depleted, soulless sun,
Turn grey

It only shows for us.

— J.G.V.





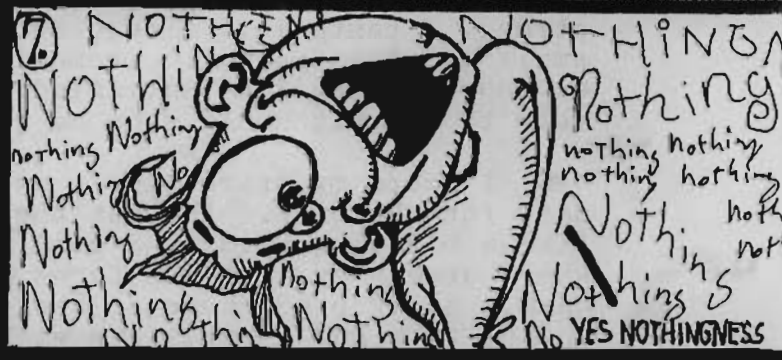
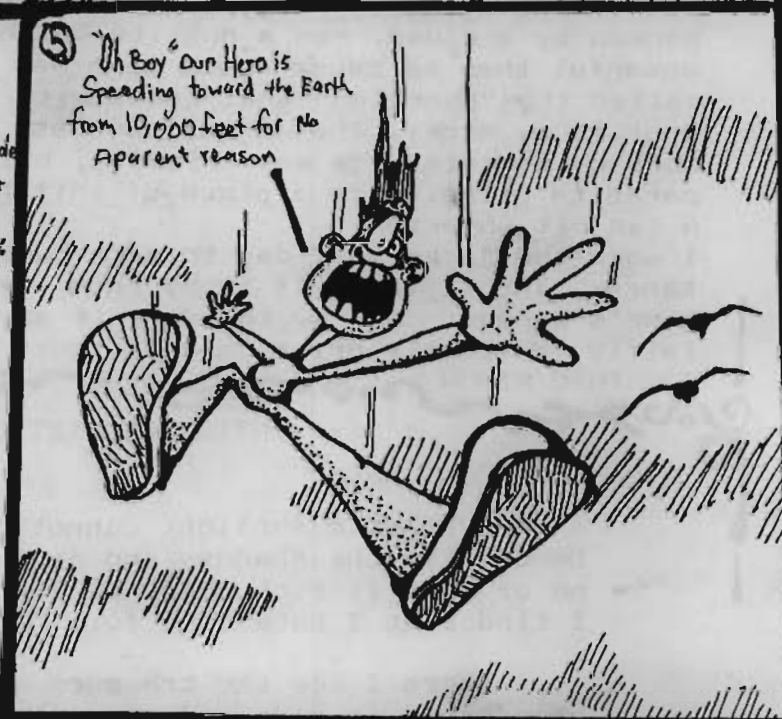


I am hovering above my body. The room is bright , so bright that it makes my head pound relentlessly. I feel as though I'm floating in gelatin. A sudden feeling of nausea causes me to stir. As I rise from my bed I feel my bowels drop while shit oozes from my rectum. A brown balloon of feces floats in front of me. I snatch up the balloon and rush to the toilet. The bubble explodes as I'm disposing of it , spraying shit all over my \$60 shoes. After wiping the excrement from my fashionable footwear , I return to the bed. That strange feeling comes over me again as I am lying there. When I stand , another balloon seeps out of my asshole. I hurry to the bathroom , but pause before I reach the toilet. I hold the package in my hands and stare curiously at the smooth surface. The balloon bursts as I attempt to thrust my tongue towards its center. Shit runs between my fingers. I rub it on my bare chest and stomach. Then I spread the feces over the head of my erect penis. I begin to convulse as my genitals are engulfed by the warm lump of excrement. A loud buzzing fills my ears and my dream is over.

— John Morrison —



① Our Hero In Deep Sleep, dreaming 'o' pleasant little thoughts.



UNIFORMS

I was not made for a uniform and I recently had the circumstance in which to prove this.

My parents bought me a senior jacket ; they assumed I wanted (NoWayDude!).

Well, I kept an open mind about it, because it was a gift. So I get this brilliant idea that I could please my parents and get a few laughs at school. I wore the jacket!

It's Monday at that, well, institution we go to get conformed at. It was me, sitting by some groovy humans in Mrs. "this is the last job I could find's" class. To my dismay, instead of getting the snickers and giggles I had anticipated, they took me seriously. They seemed to be thinking "hey, he wants to be one of us." Ha!, think again you pile of bitch magnets. I am not a fucking social ladder, and furthermore, I don't even have a hunting license. I have no desire to be a wimpy sperm in the womb of society. I am the dick that is going to fuck it! Do not get me wrong, I believe that anyone who lives for themself and is backed by a cause, has a quality which is insurmountable. There is nothing more powerful than a cause whose time has come. Well, maybe that new sythetic drug called the "Abortion" that comes with a casket, but other than that.....

Back to my story. They (those faceless meatpuppets) started talking to me. Most of the dialouge was friendly, but I knew their intentions. I felt like an parasite clinging to a piece of shit hanging out of Oliver North's asshole.

A tad bit inferior.

I wore the jacket all day to make sure I wasn't missing some hidden importance. Then I threw it in my room where it has become an artifact and someone else's burden. Oh! by the way, if anyone is looking for a senior jacket for a fairly reasonable price, get in touch with me.

JONATHAN SIMON

UNTIL THE NEXT ONE.....

Synthetic sunlight cannot filter the darkness of the dungeon. Demons, in the shadows and around me existing ultimately to deprive me of what is rightfully mine. After searching, for what seems hours, I find what I have come for.

There I see the treasure which beacons me so. That for which blood shed is cleansed when it is attained. My anticipation is so strong, I taste it. I rejoice as my flying fingers land on its small box-like runway. Trembling with restrained happiness, I could die now and still be satisfied. But, there is not a force perceivable to me that could stop me now!

I hoard my prize like a secret that can never be told and I dash for the exit. I treat the trivial fee that I pay to depart like a bad joke told at a good time. My legs carry me to a place where greedy eyes do not focus. My home is finally fitting of its name. As my hands tear at the glorious bounty, its aroma slaps me in the face and I retaliate with tears of joy. In an instant, my eyes join the celebration which my other senses attend, for in my sight is the essence of my life.

Heaven is the only earthly comparison to the moments that follow, but a pack of cigarettes only last so long.

by Jonathan Simon

Jonathan Simon

Record Reviews

By John Morrow

Jane's Addiction

The Fan's video, Soul Kiss

(Warner Reprise Video)

I thought this video would be some sort of high-power concert footage. It starts off quite nicely with a professionally produced video of "Mountain Song", but after that it becomes some sort of ridiculous home movie which includes a book review in the bathroom (while on the toilet even) and deep, wet kisses involving two males. I was not impressed with the 24 minutes of goofiness (except for the "Mountain Song" video, of course). Not worth my \$9.98 + tax.

Cowboy Junkies

The Trinity Session

(RCA)

I like this. Somewhat country oriented sound with haunting vocals. The songs are really "mellow". If you want to just sit somewhere and clear your head then this would be the stuff to listen to. Margo Timmins has an incredible voice. The song "Sweet Jane" would have to be my favorite (even though I hear the original version blows this one out of the water).

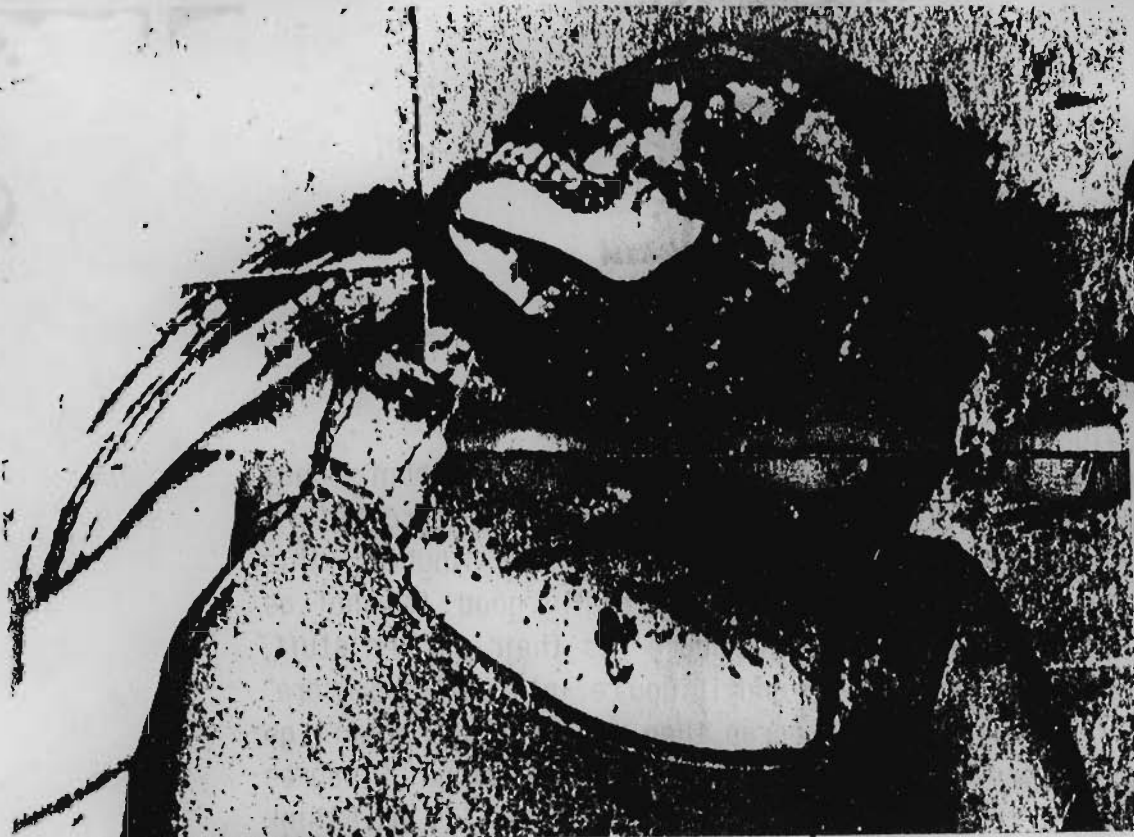
Government Issue

Crash

(Giant Records)

Each song on this album sounds like something I've heard before. Peculiar, ain't it? Anyhow, this album is really good. It's not as "hardcore" as their earlier stuff, and if you're into that "hardcore" crap then maybe you shouldn't go purchase this fine album. Disagree with me if you like. I'll still think these guys rule.





Salvadoran Deserter Discloses Green Beret Torture Role

A dispatch from Raymond Bonner in the New York Times placed U.S. Special Forces Green Berets at classes devised to teach methods of torture to Salvadoran soldiers. Bonner's source, 21 year old Carlos Antonio Gomez Montano, implicated some of the Green Berets directly in the commission of torture.

Carlos Montano: "One evening they went and got nine young people that were accused of being guerrillas and brought them to where we were. The officers said "We are going to teach you how to mutilate and how to teach a lesson to these guerrillas." The officers who were teaching us this were the American Green Berets. They didn't speak Spanish so they spoke English and then another officer—Salvadoran—translated it into Spanish for us. Then they began to torture this young fellow. They took out their knives and stuck them under his fingernails. After they took his fingernails off, then they broke his elbows. Afterwards they gouged out his eyes. Then they took their bayonets and made all sorts of slices in his skin all around his chest, arms, and legs. They then took his hair off and the skin of his scalp. When they saw there was nothing left to do with him, they threw gasoline on him and burned him. The next day his dead body wasn't around but was found by people out in the streets—left in the street.

The next day they started the same thing with a 13-year-old girl. They did more or less the same, but they did other things to her, too. First she was utilized, raped by all the officers. They stripped her and threw her in a small room, they went in one by one. Afterwards they took her out tied and blindfolded. Then they began the same mutilating—pulling her fingernails out and cutting off her fingers, breaking her arms, gouging her eyes and all they did to the other fellow. They cut her legs and stuck an iron rod into her womb. The last one that they killed that day suffered more, because they stripped him naked at midday. There they put him on this hot tin and made him lie there—he was like cooking. After about a half-hour, when they finally took him off, he was covered with blisters—like wounds. They did different types of torture to him. Then they threw him out alive at 14,000 feet altitude from a helicopter. He was alive and tied. They go and they throw them out over the sea.



**Exclusive "Wild Oats" Pushead designs
Full blazing color T-shirts**



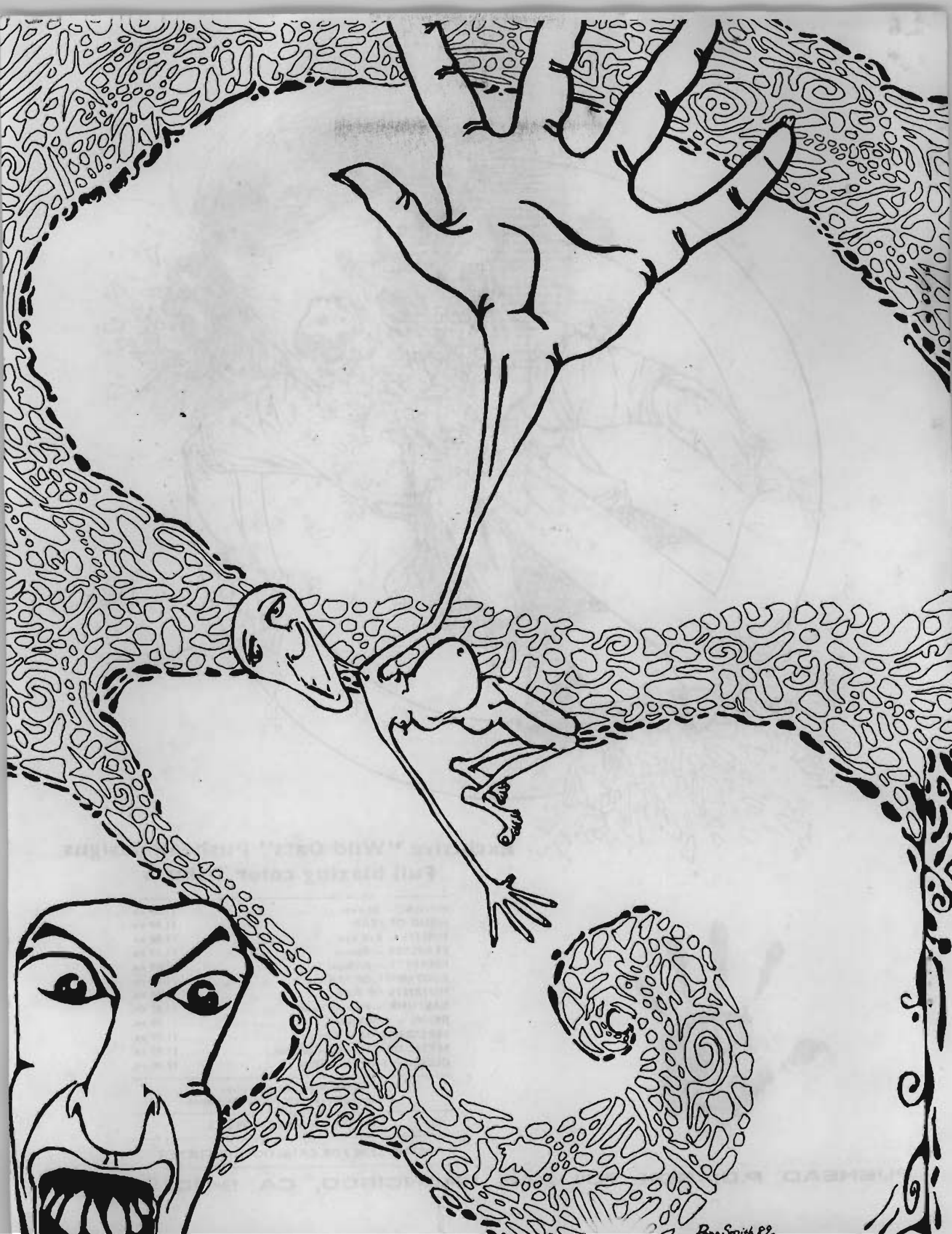
MANIAC — Shown	11.00 ea.
HAND OF FEAR	11.00 ea.
MISFITS — Evil Eye	11.00 ea.
FEARLESS — Skater	11.00 ea.
INSANITY — Kichigai	11.00 ea.
FOOTPRINT OF FEAR	11.00 ea.
MUTANTS OF WAR	11.00 ea.
GASTUNK — Melting Face	11.00 ea.
JISHIN — Wall Skater	11.00 ea.
SEPTIC DEATH — Burial	11.00 ea.
SEPTIC DEATH — Crossed Out	11.00 ea.
CLEANSE THE BACTERIA	11.00 ea.

Add \$1.00 per shirt for postage
Foreign orders add \$4.00 per shirt for postage

Please State Shirt Size M/L/XL

SEND \$2.00 FOR CATALOG AND STICKER

PUSHEAD P.O. BOX 701 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101 U.S.A.





Dead Things



♡ A.G.K.L. ♡ ♡

